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To snap the signpost . . .
Julius Keleras

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Julius Keleras

To snap the signpost marking distance and become transparent. To see the lucky barbers give back change and the on-going nightlife in blues clubs. To race along Lake Shore Drive till we run dry of stamina and gas. To stop and think of nothing, while looking at the sublimely blinding lake of on-coming summer.

To hear the echo of an unknown girl's voice come back with no response, pigeons sitting out under the roof-ledge and the chill lazily setting up inside. Language unable to move ages overnight, and you won't believe this: there's not enough strength to turn the hourglass over. A black blues singer bows to the audience, and we have to go back to our sleeping child.

Translated from the Lithuanian
by **Vyt Bakaitis**